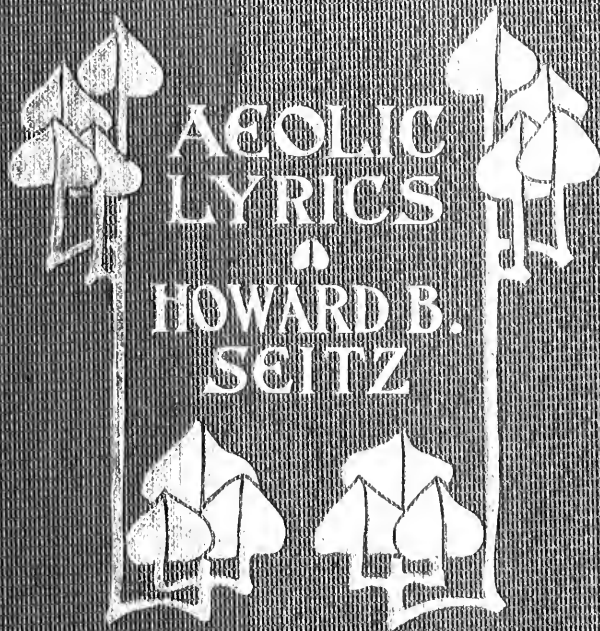


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## *Aeolic Lyrics*



# *Aeolic Lyrics*

By

HOWARD B. SEITZ

*Author of "Stephen Mulhew," a novel, Published  
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## PRO-LEAF

Zephyrs of feeling thrill and thrum the  
bosom's strings,  
And fling the alcyonian soul on soaring  
wings.

· · · · ·  
As pours the limpid purling rill,  
As wells the kinglet's liquid trill,  
So flow from out the mind of man  
Fancies and thoughts the emotions fan.



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## O BROOK!

By a clear purling brook in a moss-green glen,  
Far from the busy life and strife of men,  
I stroll and loll this early vernal day,  
Content all care and rue to pass away.

'Tis sweet, O brook! again to hear you sing  
With impulses of ev'ry springing thing,  
Of bursting bud and tender em'rald blade,  
Of bubbling bird trills and tinkling rills unstayed.

Wending your way thru swampy springing mead-  
ows,  
By spice and birch and golden glowing willows,  
To lave the roots of buttonwood and maple,  
Whose bloom glints forth and tints the green of  
April.

Rushing headlong thru the bushy pasture wild,  
Where, haply, by the bland south wind beguiled,  
Are sheltered feathered pioneers of spring,  
Where the chary fox sparrow and the red-wings  
sing.

By arbutus-grown slopes softly are you led  
Between ferny banks and o'er a stony bed,

Tumbling and murm'ring thru the woodland dells  
Singing music sweet as far-off sheep-bells.

Rippling, dimpling, bubbling, blithely as you go.  
Oh, that I the secret of your joy could know!  
Still I linger and I listen to your merry lay;  
And, O brook, I would that man were so contently  
    gay!

## TO THE VESPER SPARROW

Wee humble bay-wing of the greening pasture lane,  
It calms and joys my heart to see thee reappear  
To lift thy modest voice in quavering refrain  
And swell the song of feathered choirs this spring-  
ing year.

Thy strain hath not the joyful ringing melody  
Of lark songs, nor the rapture of the song spar-  
row.  
Thy pensive lay is trilled with lyric euphony,  
Like the purling fall of crystal rills that overflow.

Tho thou singest constant and unheeded unto men,  
I love to hear thy soulful trills that lapse away  
Serenely in the shrouding dusk above the fen  
With the fading twilight of the dying day.

## AUTUMN AUGURIES

The scattered yellow hickories of Chestnut Hill  
Against the azure of the August sky  
Merge the hues of April's greening deshabelle  
Into tinges of October's gilded scarlet frill,  
And show me Autumn's drawing nigh.

The cornel-trees and sumacs in wild nooks  
In mellow robes with one another vie,  
The blushing maples bord'ring sluggish brooks  
Mark Nature's languishment with lustrous looks—  
Telling me that Autumn's drawing nigh.

The lanky stalk on which the goldfinch feeds  
Its bursting thistle pod lifts high  
Above the wayside fence and sister weeds;  
Already fades the herds-grass in the meads—  
Telling me that Summer's passing by.

I hear the liquid whistle of the plover  
In the dewy morning's chilly sky;  
The black-capped mocker mopes, the wren is som-  
ber,  
The song sparrow sings not as a lover—  
Telling me that Summer's passing by.

Tho crickets and cicadas chirp with wonted style,  
The katydids lamenting sigh  
And weirdly chant in the gloomy forest aisle;  
The toiling bees collect saccharic spoil,—the while  
They warn me Autumn's drawing nigh.



Loose flocks of blackbirds and sweet-twitt'ring swallows

Now daily throng and dark the sky;  
The warbler on its southward journey follows  
The same sure instinct that will move its fellows,—  
And warns me Autumn's drawing nigh.

And I am not too heedless to discern  
Youth's guileless joys are lapsing by.  
For Childhood's happy day I vainly yearn,  
And to the Future dubiously turn,—  
Seeing my Autumn looming nigh.

## TO SPRING'S FIRST GEM

To thee, thou jewel of the bleak March wood!  
I loose Euterpe's tongue;  
For thee, Hepatica, thou queenly bloom!  
Shall my humble lyre be strung.

Sweet firstling, flow'ring paragon of spring,  
So modest, yet so bold,—  
Why, O Paradisal blossom! dost thou gem  
This wood-side bare and cold?

'Tis not to sate the searching scientist  
And please his patient eye,  
But the roamer's pensive mind and turmoiled heart  
To cheer and pacify.

I highly treasure thee because thou art  
The first fair flow'r of spring,—  
Amidst this ill-disposed environment  
A lovely little thing;

But much more dearly thee do I esteem  
Inasmuch thou mindest me  
Of one, whose radiant image gems my dreams,  
A being sweet and pure like thee.

## THE WILD MORNING-GLORY

There blooms before the heat of August noon  
On the wood-border's sandy slope  
A starlike flow'r that illumines the eyes and soon  
Imbues my soul with splendent hope.

The trailing vine hides with a jealous care  
This virgin cup of lucid dew  
From early sun's oblique unthirsting glare,  
As if the noontide scorch it knew.

But it is not concealed from looks of such  
As seek surcease from human moil,  
'Tis not withheld from the admiring touch  
Of fingers that will not despoil.

Ay, well, O God! the morning's glory may it be,  
To me 'tis as a morning-star!  
Sublimely, mutely eloquent—extolling Thee—  
Benign Creation's avatar!

When all without is locked in ice and snow  
Still then before my eyes will loom  
Beyond the dying embers' glim'ring glow  
This Summer morn's untarnished bloom.

## IN MEMORY OF MINNIE BLEY

There lies far back upon the meadow slope  
A grave that holds the dust of youthful hope,  
And between the green hedgerows shimmering  
    stands  
A white slab that points toward yonder lands  
And becks the tear-dimmed gaze from earth away  
To the heavenly bliss of Minnie Bley.

The roses here unclothe their scented bloom.  
The woodbine's slender stem entwines the tomb.  
In the hickory grove the mourning-dove  
And his murmuring mate coo songs of love.  
Here Memory recalls the happy day  
When my heart was beloved by Minnie Bley.

A maiden pure with radiant beauty fair,  
A queenly lily crowned with golden hair.  
In her snowy breast throbbed a tender chord  
That responded to love of mine outpoured.  
But shining beings gently bore away  
To the realms up above my bonnie Minnie Bley.

Ay, weep with me, ye drooping willows, weep,  
As ye your wistful vigils softly keep,  
By the side of the trembling aspen trees  
That breathe grief to the gentle summer breeze,  
And closely screen the burning sunshine's ray  
From the grave of the sleeping Minnie Bley.

WHEN DEWDROPS SPARKLE IN THE  
GRASS

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass  
And silver streamlets by me pass,  
Then cast aside the glist'ning glass  
    With its deceitful dregs.  
The revels of the giddy feast  
May hold in bond the sensual beast,—  
Thank Heaven, I'm again released!  
    Amid the crystal-laden segs  
Shoulder-deep I stand, and reverently view  
Heaven's far-swept vault, and breathe thin  
    sprays of dew.  
Oh, could Morning's liquid clarity imbue  
    My mind!—the spirit humbly begs.

A SOLITARY LOVER AND TWO WILD  
ROSES

Tho it be the full meridian of June,  
When from pain the mind should be immune,  
The wood-throistle's golden fluted tune,  
The wild grape's fragrant blooming bowers are  
    jejune,—  
Sweet anguish aches, and from my heart will not  
    depart.

I roam among the old familiar haunts;  
I dully hear the black-capped mocker's saucy taunts.  
Ever and anon before me Mem'ry flaunts  
An image that my restless spirit daunts.  
Ah, could the dream transform to tactile form!

I pluck two blushing roses from the laden stem.  
Oh, happy fancy! these thy sunny hair shall gem!  
These thy lips will lushly touch! I'll send thee them!  
These refresh my dream. These thou wilt not con-  
    temn.  
As now I think of thee, then thou wilt think of me!

## PLEA FOR A BUTTERFLY'S FREEDOM

Ah, thoughtless little lad!  
 Wert thou to only know  
 How sweet is that existence,  
 Thou wouldst soon let it go  
 With glee upon its wings  
 Back to its happy sphere.  
 There to enjoy its life,  
 So short and yet so dear!

Wouldst thou not rather see  
 It dancing in the air  
 And sporting 'mid the clover  
 And its kinsfolk free and fair?  
 Ay, little brother mine,  
 It too delights to play,  
 And mark,—no creature is  
 As this so blithe and gay!

## AT THE FIRESIDE

When the northwest wind chilling blows,  
And when the fireside warmly glows,  
Then truly Love's cup overflows,  
From heart to heart this message goes :  
    "We shall sever,—never—never !"

Cheerily cracked the cosy hearthstone.  
Merrily beamed bright eyes that softly shone.  
Two souls that knelt at Hymen's throne  
Communed in an unuttered tone :  
    "We shall sever,—never—never !"

The memories of Love's young year,  
Of little children's prattling cheer,  
Of mutual joys and throes, endear  
The tie and whisper in each ear :  
    "We shall sever,—never—never !"

As the sun fires Autumn's sere, so blushed  
A mother's faded cheek and flushed  
A sire's drawn brow ; for each there gushed  
One thought, to each all others hushed,—  
    "We shall sever,—never—never !"

Recalled and sweetly are retold  
Old words set up in types of gold ;  
From each to each 'tis fondly told  
That God their bond would always hold :  
    "We shall sever,—never—never !"



## THE SUMMER ZEPHYR BLOWS

The Summer zephyr blows o'er billowed ripened  
grain,  
And whispers thru the bladed corn, and swells the  
sweet refrain  
That delicately comes from lush tall-standing grass  
Where grasshoppers and contented crickets pass  
Their chirring notes in ceaseless chorus. Softly stir  
The taper chestnut leaves, and the poplars sway and  
purr  
In the woodland's mass of green; dead branches  
weirdly creak.  
Ripples murmur on the wave in the shallow creek.

## FIRST LOVE

Tho all may quaff again out of the brimming bowl,  
Is there one owns not that disappointment stole  
The quintessential nectar from each sequent cup?  
The pristine taste the memory will ne'er give up.

Nor reckless dissipation nor Labor's steep can  
drown

Love that Death has severed or that Hymen failed  
to crown.

Tho buried deep within the man and walled apart,  
Anon sweet seraphs will unlock the vaulted heart.

## THE LOVER'S INVITATION

Oh, come with me, my Love!  
With azure skies above,  
This bright morn of May  
We'll blithely hie away  
To the wild blooming glen  
Where tread no feet of men,  
Where Nature spreads green covers  
For her secretive lovers.

Oh, wilt thou not be there,  
Dear Love, with me to share  
The mossy-cushion'd rock?  
There I shall interlock  
Thy little hand in mine;  
As tendrils cling and twine  
The rose, my arms enfold  
Thee, and as softly hold.

There all day may be heard  
Love lays from ev'ry bird.  
And they too will hear me  
Recite my love to thee.  
The squatting squirrel peering nigh  
May list for thy reply;  
But only thou and I shall hear  
Thy murmur in my ear.

The scarlet columbine  
And honied woodbine  
Invite the dewy kiss,

And entertain with bliss.  
Thy ruby lips, thy smile demure,  
Thy shining eyes, allure  
Me to touch thy soul with mine  
And feel the fire from thine.

As the broad-spreading mandrake  
Protects its gem, I'll take  
And shelter thee, fair flow'r,  
Against all storms that lour.  
Do not demur and hide  
And stay far from my side.  
Oh, come to me, sweet Love,  
And be my tender dove!

## DREAMING

Dreaming, dreaming, vainly dreaming:  
 Dreams all still more dreamlike deeming;  
 Hopes all almost hopeless seeming.  
 Ends are farther from me gleaming.

Vainly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, vainly dreaming  
 Well the future will be meeding;  
 Empty present by me speeding,  
 Wasted past, but little heeding.

Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, sweetly dreaming:  
 Soft eyes in my dreams are sheening;  
 Confidently, raptly weening  
 Trustful love upon me leaning.

Sweetly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, sweetly dreaming:  
 Coyish passion you are darning;  
 Lush lips languidly for mine are yearning,  
 Pulsing veins aflame like mine are burning.

Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, wildly dreaming:  
 Direful images devising;  
 Dubiously, daringly surmising  
 Somber doom before me rising.

Wildly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, wildly dreaming;  
 Fading pleasure with the fleshling dying;

Fire the spirit purifying;  
God the godlike glorifying.  
    Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming:  
Always brighter dreams conceiving;  
Filigrees forever interweaving.  
Dimly, grimly, madly to them cleaving.  
    Ever dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming:  
Sometimes doubtful, oft confiding;  
Fearing evil is betiding.  
Still I'm hopefully abiding.  
    Dreaming, dreaming.

### WHY WEEPEST THOU?

Beside the bier why should we rue and rave  
 With wailing heathen grief  
 In skeptic unbelief?

Lament not over the sod-covered grave  
 And the cold chiseled stone,—  
 From these the soul is flown.

Will we not meet in that mystic spaceful sphere  
 where dwell

The angels of soft flight  
 And Jesus, Prince of Light?

Ay, O Christian! rather our farewell,  
 Than sorrowful, be sweet,—  
 "Good-bye until we meet."

The beaming orb has pow'r to resurrect  
 The numb bee and shriveled turf.  
 The moon sways the waves of surf.—

Has the Giver and the Master Architect  
 Designed the image of his eye  
 To breathe a trice and forlornly die?

## LINES OF A YOUTHFUL PRINCE

Why am I made to feel so discontented,—  
That the past is so ruefully lamented,  
That the present confronts me sore impatient,  
That the future again looms more repellent?

'Tis because the anemone is too fair  
To breathe other than woodland's wild free air,  
And a beauteous country lass too pure  
To be stolen from Mother Nature.

Ah, fair maiden, I would that thou mightst know,—  
When thy eyes, dark and deep with soulful glow,  
And thy innocent glance first mirrored mine,  
My heart humbled, and rose entwined with thine.

Then to hear thy sweet speech enrapt and filled  
My warm heart with seraphic joy and thrilled  
The soft chords in my breast with agitation,  
As thy swan-white throat's chords in fluctuation.

Thy dark glossy hair shades a brow as queenly  
As the Summer sky arched serenely  
Far above the vile world; and thy pure soul  
Doth contented wear meek woman's aureole.

Thy fantastic steps grace thy modest carriage.  
Who would then your unpretending way disparage?  
She, who holding to her allotted sphere  
Is submissive, is man's bright angel peer.



Of the gods there is one boon that I would ask,  
If in smiles of their favor I may bask:  
To enthrall thy leal virgin heart and kiss  
Thy chaste lips,—that indeed, for me full bliss!

## THERE'S A WILD MOSSY GLEN

There's a wild mossy glen  
Hidden from sight of men.  
There me the beechwood stream  
Lulls in Elysian dream.

Liver-leaves' curled pale tips,  
Wax-lushed arbutus lips,  
From the Spring's leaf-mould rise,—  
Glinting Youth's morning skies.

Balmy winds waft sweet notes  
From the wild wood-birds' throats,  
Tingling the list'ning ear,  
Wakening mem'ries dear.

Spring's soft green fairy opes  
Buds, and revives fond hopes,—  
Hopes that thrill far apart  
Deep in the secret heart!

When the spring sunshine's beam  
Dimples the murm'ring stream,  
Won't you come with me then  
To the wild mossy glen?

SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, SOME TIME,  
SOME ONE

Somehow to us there seems to be  
A happier realm beyond the sea;  
Somehow for us a hopeful evening star  
Beams in resplendence from afar.

Somewhere the flow'rs are blooming fair,  
Rapturous music fills the air;  
Somewhere the seraphs wing their flight  
Gleaming with iridescent light.

Some time the struggling soul will rise  
Clasping in peace the cherished prize,  
Some time the golden bell will toll  
Telling that Some One reached the goal.

## A FIRST SPRING DAY

To-day reviving Nature sees  
The warbling bluecoat reflect  
The azure of the dome; the blackbirds tune the  
breeze  
With twanging dialect;  
Meadow lark and song sparrow sing  
In raptured joyful strain  
The matins of returning Spring  
And herald Ceres' reign.

Each clucking hen and lusty cock  
Resound the hopeful note;  
The country maid in charming frock  
With music trills her throat.  
In rustic lanes the tint of green  
Is deep in springing blade.  
The farmer heeds the bidding queen  
And smooths his rusty spade.

Full flowing brooks bear melted snow  
Thru meads from mountains' clutch,  
And put the willows into glow  
With water's magic touch.  
The March sun, ling'ring warm along  
The woodside, softly thrills  
The sheeny beech and chestnut throng,—  
Its mystic pow'r instills.

E'en so I feel within my heart  
The spirit of the day:  
In happy vein, with modest art,  
I pen this vernal lay.

## THE LOVER'S REQUIEM

Thou bloom'st no more,—soft blushing rose,  
 Of lovely mien and queenly pose.  
 Death blanched thy florid cheek and chilled  
 Thy veins, thy magic voice is stilled.  
     Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

Beneath the willow and green sod  
 Earth's beauty mingles with the clod;  
 But, as a star, there shines to me  
 The Light of Life that gleamed in thee.  
     Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

Tho deep and bitter was my grief  
 To find my sweetest bliss so brief,  
 Thy peace in Paradise I hold above  
 The throbs and throes of mortal love.  
     Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

The full charm of thy woman's grace  
 And sweetness of thy gentle face  
 Will linger by the rugged way  
 To thrill and soften life each day.  
     Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

The Pow'r that led thy chaste young soul  
 Will guide me to the holy goal,  
 And when life's subtile fibril parts  
 Eternally rejoin our hearts.  
     Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

## HER BIRTHDAY

May God, who has made you gentle, beautiful,  
So amiable and so artless,  
Add sweeter years to life yet bright and youthful,  
And brim your chalice with love's largess.

May your beloved be standing by your side  
On each recurring birthday,—  
Guard you 'gainst ev'ry menace of the tide,  
Caress, cheer you, and smooth your way.

And, Shipmate, when we've braved the weather  
May we drift into port together!

## THE CALL OF THE BLUEBIRD

With ruddy breast and coat of blue,  
A bird, and yet, a prophet, too,—  
Of Spring a tuneful harbinger,  
Of joy a happy trumpeter!

Its voice is calling from the trees,  
Its song is borne upon the breeze,—  
A song of hope to weary ones,  
A bugle call to moiling sons!

Wild nature's deep occulted note  
Wells from this warbling bluebird's throat,  
Falls upon a hapless list'ning ear,—  
Awakes a soul and prompts a tear;

Recalls the joyful, dreamlike days  
When nature's charming artless ways  
And the sweet freedom of the wild  
Were kindred to the simple child.

Oh, list, thou of the burdened soul,  
Cease striving for a sordid goal!  
Oh, come where life is all unbound,  
Where beauty, bliss, and peace are found!

To feel no bond, to know no law,  
And own a joy no man e'er saw,—  
Ah, fettered heart, if thou couldst be,  
As this, as happy, wild, and free!

## EASTERTIDE

This recurring Eastertide,  
As arose the Christ who died,  
So revive the sere strewn glades,  
So emerge the em'rald blades.

Now again do I renew  
The chord twining me with you,—  
As a bird song sweetly welling,  
As a leaf-bud softly swelling.



## THE LOVER'S LONGING

The chimes of city Sabbath bells  
In distant lofty spires  
Float o'er the valley like a chant  
Of deep celestial lyres.

Alone upon the wooded slope  
I dream and long for thee  
To sweeten and fulfil my joy  
And share my reverie.

## TO THE IRISH

Here's to the Irish blood of surging flood and flow  
That flush and mantle brow and cheek with blush  
    and glow,  
To Irish beauty nourished under Irish skies,  
The Irish spirit burnished deep in Irish eyes,  
The vivid wit, the eloquence, the songs that start  
From fervid Irish tongue and tingling Irish heart!

## IN THE WORLD OF MY DREAMS

No nations and no creeds that passions fan  
For religious and for patriotic clan.

Woman not man's mere lust-chattel.  
No stint on childhood's romp and prattle.

## TOLSTOY

A Great-Heart, scarred and chafing under bond,  
Burst the manacles of Mammon's canting creed ;  
A Gentle-Noble lived the Golden Law ; and donned  
The peasant's smock, to bear, to plod, and bleed.

Artist, Liberal, O man almost divine !  
Bearer of the Christian cross,—that crown is thine !

## DEATH: UNLEASHING THE SOUL

Abroad the harrowed soul is now convoyed.

    The Soul! untrammeled and majestic, cast  
Awing across the verge of mortal void,  
    Ascending into the celestial vast!

## O MY SOUL!

Where singing pleiad stars and spheres refulgent  
roll,  
Awing in ringing spaceful realms,—O my soul!

## VICTOR HUGO

Your tragic master mind impelled a magic pen,—  
     Delineated in epopees of life  
 The throes and blood-throbs of the hearts of men  
     In lapse and flow of flesh and spirit strife.

Grim knight of Liberty with glowing lance,  
 Erect, defiant thunder-Thor of France,  
 Despots shiver at the lightning of your ire!  
 Poet of Light and Progress, twanging your majestic  
     lyre  
 For outcast poor and martyr young in fervent  
     plea,—  
 O eloquent Inspirer! you enkindle me!

## YE MINDS OF FRANCE!

O ye immortal minds of tragic France!  
Leading the daring van in man's advance;  
Your quills, steeped in the heart's molt, swept with  
    lucid grace  
Words pulsing labored throbs of the aspiring race.



## SCHILLER

Not yours vain erudition's pedant lore,  
But yours the coursing fountain's silv'ry pour.  
Emotive thought exuberates with music's art  
And flows in noble numbers from your manly heart.

In youth you grandly sung the revolution song  
Of the world's dispossessed, begrimed, and tragic  
throng;  
Pondered History's coruscant horoscope,  
And voiced the madd'ning multitude's wild horrent  
hope.

You fire the bounding bosom of aspiring youth,  
Infuse with astral gleams of ideal-truth;  
Exalt and stir his mind in sweet inspired unrest  
To disclose the godlike in his human breast.

## RUMI, THE PERSIAN MYSTIC

I salute and call to you, O seer of souls,  
Soaring in the void beyond the outmost poles!

TO A BIRD'S-FOOT VIOLET IN  
DECEMBER

Meek gemlet of the sparse-turfed open slope,  
Cerulean star of April's floral pleiades,  
Abloom amid bare earth and airs that freeze,  
When I espied thy blue-lobed envelope  
And stared and marveled that thine eye should ope  
As in day dreams of placid sky and balmy  
breeze,—  
So, imaged 'mid my mind's dim filmy filigrees  
I saw entwined the fresh flower of constant hope.

When on my sight thou glean'st, O modest  
floweret!  
I behold in thy serene, pellucid, sky-blue beam  
An emblem of a gentle bonny eyelet  
That enchants my mind, exalts my mounting  
dream  
With rapt inspiration glinting in its lucent  
gleam,—  
Soft, shining, blue like thee, O sweet star violet!

## WOMAN: MASTER OF MAN

'Tis not in woman's Heaven instituted sphere  
To command shrewishly, nor lowly to obey;  
But tenderly to consecrate and nobly sway.  
Not as a thrall in meek abjection to adhere,  
But gentle angel guardian ever hov'ring near.  
Not merely ministering in the carnal clay;  
But of afflatus fire the animating fay,—  
And, still, a placid pilot of his rash career.

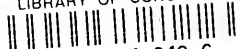
Not man's mere mistress thru the passions' tyranny,  
Mere mistress of desire, but queen in his esteem;  
Not wielding in the flesh, but in the soul supreme.  
Her kindled eye the pole-star of his destiny,  
Her musing mind the matrix of his gestate  
dream,—  
Hers is the major chord in spirit symphony.



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